

Mr. Man**Your
Spring
Hat is Here**

This year the particular man, like you, is going to wear either a Schobie or a Stetson.

Velours

Those soft, comfortable Velour Hats that were so popular last fall will be "just right" again for spring. But the colorings—soft greys, browns and mixtures—will be much more attractive.

Derbies

No extreme styles in Derbies this spring—mostly conservative shapes that will be generally becoming.

Benjamin Bros. & Co.
218 W. Central
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.



WE KNEAD WHAT YOU NEED.
If it be true that "a friend in knead is a friend indeed," then you certainly ought to be glad to know us, for we are kneading your needs all the year round. We are known as "well-bread" people, in fact there is no better Bread in town than that which we supply. All kinds of loaves are made, and the best qualities of Bread only, but our prices are no higher than asked elsewhere.

PIONEER BAKERY
207 South First Street

SANTA FE TIME TABLE.



Effective December 8, 1912.

No.	Class.	Arrives	Departs
1	Cal. Express....	7:25p	8:10p
7	Cal. Express....	10:19p	11:00p
9	Cal. Fast Mail....	11:50p	12:45a
2	Cal. Limited....	10:55a	11:25a
19	De Luxe Thurs....	7:59a	8:09a
	Enroute....		
10	Overland Express....	8:09a	8:25a
2	Eastern Express....	2:55p	4:05p
4	Cal. Limited....	5:35p	6:00p
8	K. C. & Chi. Ex....	6:55p	8:45p
20	De Luxe Wed....	9:00p	9:10p
	Southbound....		
809	El Paso & Mex Ex....	12:20a	
815	El Paso Passenger....	8:30a	
811	Pecos Valley Ex....	7:55p	
	Northbound....		
810	From Mex & El P.	6:09a	
816	From El Paso....	6:20p	
812	From Pecos Valley and Cut-off....	5:40p	

P. J. JOHNSON, Agent.

POLL TAX

\$1.00

NOW DUE

Audit & Credit Co., Room
1, Law Library Building,
Opposite Rosenwald's.

Racing
Athletics
Wrestling
The Prize Ring

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

Muggsy M'Graw, Napoleon of the Diamond, Never Quits; Power Behind the Giants

By Edward Lyell Fox

Over the cliff that rises sharply from the Harlem lowlands goes to meet the apartment houses on the heights—twilight is descending—the yellowing light of a humid afternoon in June. Below it, rimming a great patch of green, of a diamond shape, every diamond having its center of four white bases, sweep the wooden stands of the Polo grounds. And, scattered through them, bare specks against the countless tiers of seats, are two thousand people—black, like flies on some great sheet of yellow stained paper. But we understand the phenomenon—two thousand sand with the Giants at home of a June day. The huge scoreboard, rearing its ugly bulk above the distant bleachers, tells that they are coming to bat for the last inning—a hopes formal as best, for St. Louis leads 4 runs to 0. No wonder the spectators have stopped scattering. Too bad! The Giants need every game. Chicago and Pittsburgh are crowding hard.

About to leave, one of the party deems:

"Aw, stay," he says, disgustedly. "Watch Salter strike out the side!"

We remember we bet a straw hat on the Giants, as we sat in our seats and watch Salter, the St. Louis pitcher, a living beanpole, who has had the Giants at his mercy all afternoon. Now he begins his gyrations, and as his long, slender arms meet overhead we see a standstill smile come into his face. He knows this last inning will be easy.

At the plate Doyle, his bat jerking nervously, waits. Then he swings—a swift movement typical of the man—and the ball goes buzzing over the ground toward shortstop. Coughs a sharp throw in time. Puts A. B. and C. complete. The Indians are especially strong in relay races and in tag-of-war contests. Coach Rademacher has put the athletic grounds in splendid condition. The new cinder track for hundred-yard dashes has been carefully prepared, and standards have been erected for pole vaulting and high jumping.

Now red-headed Murray shuffles up to the plate and sends another bat bounding away in shortstop. The time Hausek, who is dirty, and throws to Huggins at second base. Doyle is forced out and as he returns to the bench we see him wowl. Coming in he noticed something. An irritating grin has settled on Salter's face—the sort of grin expressing tolerant pity. And from now to St. Louis to the New York Giants.

Off first, Murray is downing, but not for long. Somewhere, the next batter, swings at the first ball—a white and mounting toward center field and dropping, ending in the waiting glove of Oakes. Two are out. The Giants are four runs behind. Fewer dark specks are scattered through the yellow-green surface. Some vines that have been watching the game from the elevated railroad tracks disappear magically, as if through some great trapdoor.

Bridwell, always trying, steps before the plate and waits cautiously. We watch him, and an instant later Murray dashes toward second. Phelps, the St. Louis catcher, lets him go unbroken. Poor Giants! Like Salter, Phelps is grinning. But in their grins carelessness replaced confidence. A moment later Salter gives Bridwell a base on balls.

Instantly we see a motion in front of the New York fans. A short, heavy figure has bounded from the dugout and is hurrying toward the coaching line behind third base. He is McGraw—a Napoleon in baseball uniform and wooden stockings. Then we turn to Salter and are surprised to see that the smile has left his face. The magic of the game has left him. The magic of the game has changed.

With the battle now changed Devito begins the attack by tearing a single through the St. Louis infield. We see Murray racing from second, only to be waved back by the general. The crowd, too, is silent. McGraw, the commanding McGraw, realizes that the psychological effect of Salter will be greater, with the house full. And misunderstanding his maneuvers we lost interest in the team. Only we watch McGraw and Salter. The game has resolved into a battle between them.

Then Merkle smashing a hit past

**STAMPEDE BEGUN
FOR TICKETS TO
RING BATTLE**

**Matson's Besieged Today By
Hordes of Hungry Fight
Bugs Anxious to Witness
Chico-Chavez Go Thursday.**

There was a mad rush for Matson's this morning when the seats for the "ring battle" were sold out. The fight, originally scheduled for Saturday night, was postponed on account of the recent bad weather. Factors soon the recent had been broken for first day night sales. Everybody and his brother seemed to be an applicant for tickets. The indications are that a very large crowd will witness the battle, which should prove the most exciting of any local event thus far staged in Albuquerque. Both Chico and Chavez are trained divers to the minute. The fight should be fast and furious from go to go, as both boys are whirlwind goers, always hitting, never breaking ground.

The prelims will be interesting in themselves, but are being cast into the shade because of the prominence of the boys who will appear in the wind-up.

Vienna—Lieutenant Mittner, of the Austrian army, while making a trial flight in a new monoplane, fell from a height of 229 feet and was killed.

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